



With Nothing to Fear



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Chapter 1 by Jesse Sanders

I looked down with the gun pointed at them both. After what they'd done I figure pain isn't an option at this point. I watch as they plead for their puny little lives. The weight of the gun is now settled in my hand as I pull the trigger. The hammer kicks back and the shot echos throughout the room. My wife was the last one kneeling at my feet with her hands out asking my not to shoot saying sweet things. I glare at her through squinted eyes and say "Good night..." With that I pull the trigger once more and a flash of light extends from the gun, and the gun jerks back as she falls to the ground. I kneel down beside my wife and her lover in silence. The sirens wail from outside as I climb out the window in the back of the house...

Chapter 2 by Bill L.



I knew the back yard and the yard behind it, each yard to the side and the street past them if you walked between the houses. I knew the people down the street to the left of the water tower and knew that right behind their house was a dried up creek that led to a wooded area. I knew that the wooded area was in the middle of our town and I could choose anywhere in its circumference to exit with very little care as to getting caught or even seen.

I knew that I would be implicated in this crime but I knew I could get away at least for a while. Did I want to?

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incongruous smile crept onto my lips when I thought about my "honey do" lists and I shook it off quickly. I put my hands on the fence and adjusted my weight preparing to make the jump over. Just then a thought hit me like a third gunshot.

Do I want to get away?

Putting my hands back down I turned and stared at our upstairs bedroom window. The wind had kicked up and the yellow lace curtains we received as a housewarming present were trailing out of the darkness within. The sirens sounded no closer and I guessed that the police had taken a wrong turn on the cutoff. It would probably be four or five minutes before they arrived. A dog barked a few houses down and slowly different lights began to come on from all the neighbors houses in view. Considering that the gun was loud when it wasn't silent outside, obviously the sound of a .45 at 0200 in the morning in a nice neighborhood where nothing ever happened was sure to wake up a few people. Whoever hadn't seen a strange man running through backyards would surely see one soon.

I looked down at the back porch door and through glass I could see the key rack. It held a key to the back shed, one key for the office and two keys for vehicles. His and hers, both full of gas for the weekend.

"What is it then?" he mused. "Fight or flight?"

Chapter 3 by Brandy



I turned back towards the fence, prepared to make a run for it, but before I made it over, headlights turned into the driveway. I crouched down out of sight and bear crawled to the back shed.

It couldn't be the police yet. The sirens were still well off.

In the driveway, the engine turned off, and someone got out of the car. I barely breathed as I listened for who it could be. Another lover? Did she double book?

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I guess none of us stuck to our plans.

I move towards the back door. I can't let her find them.

But the sirens are getting louder.

Chapter 4 by CAPSLOCK



I snuck to her car and broke the glass window and ran behind a bush, hoping she'd turn to investigate.

Bingo.

She gasped when she saw the window shattered and opened the door to make sure all her stuff was there. I started sneaking away, but she turned and saw me.

Aw no.

"Hey! Come back here!" She yelled and ran after me, not recognizing me in the dark.

I was pretty athletic, especially for an older guy, but I passed my genes onto her and trained her for all types of situations. She was the fastest girl on her school's Varsity Track and Cross Country teams. I wasn't going to lose her without another distraction.

I veered into the trees, hoping my training for her would kick in and she would not follow me into the dark woods with many tripping hazards.

No such luck. She continued to come behind me, and soon she would catch up to me. I heard the sirens stopping, presumably in front of the house. I was turning through the twisting trees when an idea came to me. But I would have to be quick.

I climbed into one of the trees, being careful not to scrape the bark off of the trunk or fall out of the tree. She slowed underneath me, no longer hearing my heavy strides. She stopped, looked

around warily, and jogged back to the house, unaware of the mess awaiting her.

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I sighed a sigh of relief. If I had my way, I would have found a way to do it.

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